

rately or not at all until, as stated, their votes will elect.

Kansas was borne into the Union on the crest of a bloody strife; it was the scene of more desperate and lawless deeds during the war and later than any other commonwealth; it was the banner Republican state for a quarter of a century; then, almost without notice, it relegated its first and for a long time only love to a back seat and installed a new party in its affections, remanding the only senator it ever had who occupied the chair of President of the United States Senate to seclusion and all but oblivion. It is the stormy petrel of the sisterhood in war or peace, and just what it may do or refuse to do is not known until accomplished.

THAT REBEL YELL.

A morning cotemporary that lies awake nights to find "ludicrous mistakes" in other papers, expresses the satisfaction in this respect which Saturday evening's NEWS gave it. The particular source of its pleasure on this occasion was the article referring to the selection of Omaha over St. Joseph as the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad, and the part which Jeff Thompson's yell at General Grant played in the matter. "Boss!" is the elegant comment bestowed upon the story, which the NEWS gave with the expressed reservation, "whether true or not there are a great many people in St. Joseph who believe it." The paper in which the story was published in full is one from which our critical cotemporary takes many of its brightest editorial paragraphs; and we are rather disappointed therefore that the narrative as it there appeared, instead of the NEWS' synopsis of it, was not taken up for the merciless dissection perpetrated upon us. We yield to the editor of our local cotemporary in acquaintance with rebels, "reconstructed or unreconstructed," but beg to suggest that his pompous assumption that the grading of 300 miles of roadbed in Utah presupposed the location of the railroad terminus at Omaha, is a trifle far-fetched. It was not till a good while after the last spike was driven at the Promontory that the terminal points of the U. P. road were fixed at Omaha and Ogden respectively.

THE CASE AGAINST EIFFEL.

That the good opinion which Americans have all along entertained of Tower-builder Eiffel was unworthily or at least inconsiderately bestowed, is becoming painfully apparent. Unless there shall something soon take place in the Panama canal proceedings to mitigate the force of the adverse opinion which is settling in, the once elevated man will be curtailed not only of his elevation but of even the respectful consideration of the multitude. To admit that he appropriated money to his own use that was entrusted to him for the purchase of machinery, was a sad blow to his friends and a crushing one to himself. We can all now see how it is the French government has not been one whit too vigorous in its procedure

in this matter; it so looked for a while in the case of Lesseps, certainly, and to a lesser extent in that of Eiffel, but the view is changed altogether. The nation has a great scandal on its hands and is proceeding heroically and effectively to purge itself. It is a sad piece of business viewed from any standpoint.

ACTORS AND ACTING.

Before the Twentieth Century club of Chicago the other day, a prominent actor made a speech in which he interrogated and complained in one and the same effort as follows:

Why is the drama left to take care of itself, to be perpetually in danger of being overwhelmed by commercial enterprises? Why does she sit a veritable Cinderella of the arts sadly among the ashes, while her more fortunate sisters—music and painting—are taken to the ball?

Which prompts a paper of that city to answer by asking, Yankee fashion: "And why, moreover, do the sisters get recognition as belonging to the aristocracy of fine arts, while Cinderella occupies a questionable place somewhere among the lower circles of artisanship?" This is answered by the statement that at present the histrionic art occupies the position last indicated, at least in the estimation of the multitude. Except in a few instances, says our cotemporary, the modern playwright is looked upon not as an artist, but as a craftsman; his product is not called art (which, of course, it very often isn't) even when it is meritorious. It is regarded as a technical contrivance in which lath and canvas of various shapes, rouge, costuming and a certain mysterious green-room conspire in common with the author to amuse the public.

Actors are not always consistent, any more than they are always artists. The rule now is not to "hold the mirror up to nature," but to make distortions of nature and have such a departure from the primal rule labeled as genius. It is everything to captivate the populace, nothing to be consistent and faithfully, intelligently and capably portray the meaning of some great author. A few years ago an actor played Othello in this city, and gave us a presentation of the Moor with a face a shade lighter than the average Mongolian! His text at times was a strange but apt accuser, bringing up the charge of inconsistency with wondrous force and making it hold. Such passages from the Moor's lines as "Haply for I am black," "As blackened and begrimed as mine own face," issuing from a face the color of a new law book may be what is accepted as an improvement on the grand conception of Shakespeare; but in painting, the old masters, whose execution, tone and finish are not considered susceptible of improvement by modern methods, are let alone. And yet the actor complains about his calling having to plough its way along and labor to make every point, instead of being recognized and carried forward on the high tide of popular approbation without such drudgery!

The incident named is not an isolated one by any means. It is

rather the rule than otherwise. It is not that the work of actors and authors of bygone days is superior in every case, but because it was performed within legitimate lines as a rule and admitted of no sacrifices in order to gain the favor of the unthinking. The greatest of all our American tragedians, Edw. in Forrest, once went to see his illustrious English rival Macready play Hamlet, and when the latter—perhaps thoughtlessly—introduced a distinct incongruity in the shape of a dance with handkerchief waving (*pas de mouchoir*) it is known by in professional circles) Mr. Forrest became indignant and hissed Shakespeare's countryman roundly for the latter's lack of judgment and reverence; and many there were who exempted the American from the charge of spite or jealousy, because of the circumstances, who were far from being his personal friends. If that kind of thing were to be done to lay the critics might be astounded for a moment, but on recovering would doubtless pronounce it a "charming departure from hackneyed customs" with substantial unanimity. This would make the actor's case beyond a doubt, but it would not elevate him as an artist in the estimation of the judicious, nor would it place the art higher or on a more secure pedestal than before.

Actors as a class have but little to complain of. There are more inferior workmen among them in proportion to numbers and the pay received than in any other calling in the world; in fact, with some exceptions that might be told on the fingers of one hand, there are no great actors now. The last histrionic cycle, like that of oratory, was in the generation immediately preceding this—a generation made famous by the two giants of the profession named, with the elder Booth, Kean and several more; as a partial heritage from that time we have the younger Booth and the elder Salvini with but few more worthy of naming in the same category. Besides, the expense of the theatergoing as compared with what it was thirty years ago and more is a potent factor in the lack of substantial appreciation complained of. The war brought the price of everything up to an inflated point, but after peace resumed sway all things but theater tickets and the national tariff sheet declined until nearly to former figures. Not so with the box office, where the war rates as a rule still prevail. There is something to think of in all this.

WE CAN HELP THEM OUT.

The home rule bill in the British parliament, like that devised for Utah some time ago and presented to Congress, seems to be slumbering quietly and without disturbance. In the case of the former, however, it must not be considered as the final sleep which attends all mundane things sooner or later; its friends are probably halting to get a firmer hold. A recent telegram from London, which we failed to notice in the Associated Press reports, announced that the country was just then (and is just now we suppose) more profoundly occupied with the new railway rates which had just gone